The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE TAPESTRY WEAVERS.

Let us take to our hearts a lesson — no lesson can braver be —
From the ways of the tapestry weavers on the other side of the sea.

Above their heads the pattern hangs; they study it with care.
The while their fingers deftly work, their eyes are fastened there.

They tell this curious thing, besides, of the patient, plodding weaver:
He works on the wrong side evermore, but works for the right side ever.

It is only when the weaving stops, and the web is loosed and turned,
That he sees his real handiwork, that his marvellous skill is learned.

Ah! the sight of its delicate beauty, how it pays him for all his cost!
No rarer, daintier work than his was ever done by the frost.

Then the master bringeth him golden hire, and giveth him praise as well;
And how happy the heart of the weaver is no tongue but his own can tell.

The years of man are the looms of God, let down from the place of the sun,
Wherein we are weaving alway, till the mystic web is done.

Weaving blindly, but weaving surely, each for himself his fate,
We may not see how the right side looks: we can only weave and wait.

But, looking above for the pattern, no weaver need have fear:
Only let him look clear into heaven, the Perfect Pattern is there.

If he keeps the face of our Saviour forever and always in sight,
His toil shall be sweeter than honey, his weaving is sure to be right.

And when his task is ended, and the web is turned and shown,
He shall hear the voice of the Master. It shall say to him, "Well done!"

And the white-winged angels of heaven, to bear him thence, shall come down;
And God for his wage shall give him, not coin, but a golden crown.

—*Selected.*

OUR NEIGHBOR.

"Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves? And he said, He that shewed mercy on him. Then said Jesus unto him, Go and do thou likewise."—Luke. x. 36, 37.

Being willing to justify himself, the lawyer asked the Master, "Who is my neighbor?" The Master, as his manner was, took the words from the questioner's lips, and, turning the question round, asked the lawyer, "Whose neighbor are you?" The lawyer asked the Master, "Who is a neighbor to me, with a neighbor's claim upon my love and care?" The Master asked the lawyer, "To whom are you a neighbor, as a neighbor showing mercy?"

In the direction which I have thus pointed out I believe that we shall find the deepest lesson of the Parable of the Good Samaritan. In choosing for the benefactor of the unfortunate traveller a Samaritan, in preference to the priest and the Levite, the Saviour set a conventional piety and a statute morality in ugly contrast with a sweet, human love; and, in choosing, as it would seem, for the object of this love a heathen man and a publican, he showed that a true compassion knows neither Jew nor Gentile, barbarian nor Scythian, bond nor free. But this was not all; in declining to answer the lawyer's question, in turning it back upon him as he did, the Master brought out into the light the whole deep doctrine of Christian neighborhood.

And this is what the parable, as interpreted by the Master, teaches. No matter who is a neighbor to you: to whom can *you* be a neighbor, showing yourself to be that by showing mercy? The way to find your neighbors is to be a neighbor yourself. If you want a neighborhood, go make one. I will tell you,—or, better, you shall tell me, and I shall get it from your own lips: you are a neighbor to him to whom you have brought yourself near by deeds of love, fulfilling that part of neighborliness in which alone you have any concern. Love makes a neighborhood only too large to be lived in after a neighborly way, so that one is compelled to resign one part after another, leaving it out of the round in which the feet walk, but not out of the current of the affections. So love presently gathers from the east and the west, and from the north and the south, those who shall sit down gratefully in a kingdom of love, and is so busy with plain cases as not to have much time to settle nice questions of boundary lines or much occasion to send claimants through the round of charitable societies until it can be ascertained which is to have the privilege of caring for the petitioner. Far-reaching is this neighborhood of love! As far as the earth is from the heaven, as far as the utmost sinfulness and utmost misery of man are from the perfect holiness and perfect peace of God, it reaches. Love comes out from the very heaven of heavens to dwell as a son of man among men, even the evil and the thankless. It gives the back to the scourge and the face to the smiter. It stretches forth the hand to heal, though the hand shall be nailed to the cross. It will be a neighbor to mankind through sharing every human misery save the sin which is the fruitful source of so much of this misery. It asks but one question: Can I show mercy here? Is this way open? Has the time come for this good work? Shall I, if I go on, be casting pearls before swine, only to have them turn and rend me? If they will not let me mend the man's religion,— which perhaps I am in no condition to do, not being very well provided that way myself,— may I not mend his morals, or at least show him how to live more decently, or point out a way by which he can get to Jericho without falling among thieves?

And there will be no difficulty about this matter of neighborhood, so long as we keep the question about it where the Saviour put it, and make it simply a question of our own showing mercy,— not merely *feeling* mercy, but *showing* it. Those to whom we are neighbors become neighbors to us. Their claim to be loved and served is settled henceforth. So the Gentiles came to be heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ, through Paul's going to them; and their claim to the gospel was seen to be as good a claim as that of the Jews. So the barbarous northern tribes of Europe were found to be near, through the Christian missionaries preaching the cross to them, and melting hearts that seemed harder than their ice-fields with the story of wonder and love. So Wesley found that the colliers and weavers of England were bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh, when he could not choose but so preach the word to them that they ceased to blaspheme and began to pray. So Howard and Elizabeth Fry and Sarah Martin found that there were prisons in their neighborhood and prisoners needing to be visited among their neighbors. So every true church of Christ, no matter though its tower and steeple may rise from a street of palaces, finds itself in a very poor and ignorant and suffering neighborhood,— neighbors all round that have fallen among thieves, or worse; neighbors in that Christian nearness which brings heaven to earth when a soul is to be redeemed, and makes every necessity that we have the power to relieve a neighbor's need which prays for help.

Much has been done, since Christ came, in the cause of neighborhood. The bands of the merciful have traversed the earth as the old conquering and destroying armies once swept over it. That Love Divine which stooped to share our lot did not go back into the heavens with him whose tabernacle of clay it fashioned into a body of glory. It sank into the world's heart, it was light in darkness, it was life from unconsciousness, it was resurrection from the dead. If God so loved us, we ought also to love one another; and they did, though not indeed as God in Christ loved. Still, the Christian aims at that completeness; and the spirit in him helps his infirmities, and makes his love more and more like the love with which Christ loves us and seeks us out, and shares our sorrows, and forgives and blots out our sins. The coming of this love into any heart is the beginning of a ministry which will never end so long as there are any whose necessities crave the hand of mercy. There are multitudes of God's children that wait for us to make good our claim to be their neighbors. And there are many Christians who have rather ceased to do evil than learned to do well,— certainly in this matter of neighborhood. And such neighbors as they have of this sort they know, as it were, only by proxy, visiting them through the visitor of the Provident Association or by some elder of the church or other functionary; sending money, but not pouring in oil and wine with their own hands, or putting them upon their own beasts. Never suffer any so promising organization — and none of them are any too promising — to defraud you of the blessing of good neighborhood, of being your own almoner, and seeing eye to eye and grasping hand to hand your own neighbors in Christ. Associations are not without use to fall back upon when you lack individuals; they are useful when they are inspired and controlled by the right individuals. Otherwise you must not hope to turn in your horde of the neglected and the unfortunate at one door, and wait at the other side of your grand reformatory to welcome good citizens to a world which has so provided for them. But associations can never take the place of personal assiduity and Christian neighborhood. Be a good neighbor, every one of you, man, woman, child. Add to brotherly kindness charity, though the addition be the most infinitesimal fraction. Have mercy upon some one too miserable to come and ask for it, too weak to come and seek for it, too ignorant to come and claim it. Say,— in answer to the question, Who is my neighbor? — *I* am your neighbor.

There are companionships which fail us in the hour of our great need, and mock us to our faces when we ask for the realities of love; but, in the fellowship of which I have been speaking, One hath part who saith, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto Me." And he, we may be sure, will never leave us nor forsake us. What do we need that we may rejoice evermore in this fellowship? Knowledge? Alas! that is all in vain. We need more *love*. We need to be born of God into that life of God which is altogether a life of love. We need to be Christians,— not in name only, but in deed and in truth.— *Rufus Ellis.*

THE STILL HOUR.

IF I COULD ONLY SURELY KNOW.

If I could only surely know
That all these things that tire me so
  Are noticed by my Lord,—
The pang that cuts me like a knife,
The lesser ills of daily life,
The noise, the weariness, the strife,—
  What peace it would afford!

I wonder if he really shares
In all my little human cares,
  This mighty King of kings!
If He who guides through boundless space
Each blazing planet in its place
Can have the condescending grace
  To mind these petty things.

It seems to me, if sure of this,
Blent with each ill would come such bliss
  That I might covet pain,
And deem whatever brought to me
The loving thought of Deity,
And sense of Christ's sweet sympathy,
  Not loss, but richest gain.

Dear Lord, my heart shall no more doubt
That thou dost compass me about
  With sympathy divine!
The love for me, once crucified,
Is not the love to leave my side,
But waiteth ever to divide
  Each smallest care of mine.

—*Selected.*

LENTEN THOUGHTS.

Let anxieties and labors, privations and small portions, humble estate and poverty, pelt as they may and pile like hailstones where they have fallen; and yet all these may be overborne and made as but manly trials, and lightened till their weight has fled into the sky, by love and a dear companionship and precious sharing together of souls that are one. Therefore, who can say how ignorant of Providence and how little knowing of the resources and ways of God with human hearts is the man who has not love in himself, nor knows in himself the sweetness of turning devoutly unto another in love, nor that other sweetness of being turned unto with trust and love? He cannot know the things of the providence of God. The light of the ways of God with men must be darkness unto him, because he is blinded to the vast sum of joys and the supports of soul which arise in the love of men. This is the Master's saying, that it is he who wills to do the will of God that shall know the teaching; or thus, it is only he that hath become like unto God, and so far as he is like, that shall know the ways of God. This is another deep and great meaning in this deep saying of the Master.— *J. Vila Blake.*

What is it to be a Christian? I have thought over the answer, and for years have not been able to find a better than this,— one who is trying to serve Christ from grateful love of Christ. Not one who serves him as if he could complete the act or could succeed in doing it,— that we cannot expect to *fully* do in this life,— but one who is trying; and, when we come forward to join the Christian Church, we acknowledge we are doing that, and would be in fellowship with all others trying to do the same. How do we become Christians? I think, when we have come to the sense of our great *need*, when we have found we cannot live alone by ourselves, and stretch forth our hands and our prayers for a higher power to help us. Some call this "a sense of sin," but I think "the sense of need" is the best expression. — *Phillips Brooks.*

There is a mysterious attraction between us and heaven. God wants us, and we want God.— *Eugénie de Guérin.*

THE BIBLE CLASS.

ACTS VIII. THE FIRST PERSECUTION; MISSIONARY WORK IN SAMARIA; SIMON MAGUS; PHILIP BAPTIZES THE ETHIOPIAN.

Verse 1. "And at that time there was a great persecution against the church which was at Jerusalem; and they were all scattered abroad, throughout the regions of Judea and Samaria, EXCEPT THE APOSTLES."

Here is something very curious and interesting. Why were the apostles left unmolested? The persecution seems to have been directed against the Hellenistic Christians, and therefore to have been imbittered by national prejudice. The apostles maintained their position as members of the Jewish Church.

Farrar says: "The Jews were not fond of persecuting. The Sanhedrin had incurred the charge of laxity." It is also very interesting that (according to Farrar) no accusation of *idolatry* was brought against the Christians of this period. But against *blasphemy* the Sanhedrin was severe. The punishment for this was stoning.

"The part which Paul played, at this time, has, I fear, been always underrated. It is only when we collect the separate passages (they are no less than eight in number) in which allusion is made to this sad period; it is only when we weigh the terrible significance of the expressions used that we feel the load of remorse which must have lain upon him and the taunts to which he was liable from malignant enemies. He "made havoc of "— literally, "he was *ravaging*"— the Church. No stronger metaphor could have been used. It occurs nowhere else in the New Testament; but in the Septuagint, and in classical Greek is applied to the wild boars which uproot a vineyard. Not content with the visitation of the synagogues, he got authority for an inquisitorial visit from house to house; and even from the sacred retirement of the Christian home he dragged not only men, but women, to judgment and to prison." (Farrar.)

"The great persecution, which broke up the church at Jerusalem, was in every way valuable to the true religion. It dissipated the Judaism which would have endangered the spread of Christianity, and showed that the disciples had a loftier mission than to

dwindle down into a Galilean synagogue." (Farrar.)

We ought, also, not to forget that the great aim, in the mind of Jesus, was that his nation should become the religious teachers of the human race. But the apostles were slow to take this idea. It has always been to me an interesting thought that one of the Psalms which Jesus was repeating to himself when in agony upon the cross—of which, unfortunately, we have only in the narrative the first verse quoted, "My God, my God! why hast thou forsaken me?"—has also this passage; "ALL THE ENDS OF THE EARTH SHALL REMEMBER AND TURN UNTO THE LORD; AND ALL THE KINDREDS OF THE NATIONS SHALL WORSHIP BEFORE THEE." This must have been a favorite psalm of Jesus, else he would not have repeated it at such a time. But the disciples, who were not very near, could only hear what he said when his voice was raised; and so they heard the first verse (which seems to have struck him painfully), but not the rest.

It was very natural that the persecuted Hellenist Christians, among whom Philip was an important member, should go to Samaria. And if Jesus knew of this, which we can scarcely doubt, it is just what would have pleased him.

Verse 5. The capital of Samaria was also called Samaria, sometimes also Sebaste.

Here comes the curious little story of the sorcerer, Simon, usually called Simon Magus. There has been a good deal of discussion about him. Harnack says that "in the fourth decade of the first century a pseudo-Messiah, named Simon, appeared in Samaria; that he gained a considerable following; that he tried to effect a union with the Christian missionaries, who, however, soon shook him off. These facts must be treated as historical. They are vouched for by Justin, whose statement is not borrowed from the Acts."

Peter and John, hearing of the success of Philip's preaching in Samaria, and wishing to do their part in so good a work,—perhaps, also, thinking it best not to leave everything in the hands of a comparatively new apostle,—made a little missionary tour to Samaria themselves. They prayed for the new converts, "that they might receive the Holy Spirit, for as yet it was fallen upon none of them." (The American Revisers of the New Testament prefer "it" to "he" in this passage.)

Verse 17. "Then laid they their hands on them, and they received the Holy Spirit."

There must have been a very real spiritual force and life in these apostles, since the wonderful experience of a personal communion with God came through their prayers and ministrations. We have all felt something like this: something of the same kind, though in a less degree, follows the ministrations of all spiritual preachers.

The low-minded sorcerer, Simon, imagined that this strange power was some magical gift which could be imparted at will. His offer to Peter, of money, naturally aroused the greatest disgust on the part of the apostle, and led to a stern rebuke from the fiery Peter. Simon did not apparently resent this. Perhaps he was really influenced by the reproof, or perhaps he thought it best to remain on good terms with the apostles. At any rate, he has gained the unlucky distinction of giving the name to an especial sin,—"simony,"—or trafficking in holy things,—applied usually to buying and selling church preferments.

Peter and John preached in various villages of Samaria; but after that they returned in peace and safety to Jerusalem. Philip, however, possessed of true missionary zeal, and knowing also that it would not be safe for him to return to Jerusalem, turned southward along the desert road which leads from Jerusalem to Gaza. It was the road to Egypt. "Ethiopia" is the name given to a part of the upper valley of the Nile.

Here Philip fell in with an Ethiopian, a proselyte of the Gate (since he was returning from worshipping at Jerusalem), a man who held the important post of treasurer under the queen of Ethiopia. ("Candace" is a dynastic name, like "Cæsar" or "Pharaoh.") As the road was lonely and dangerous, it was natural that other travellers, especially those who were on foot, should attach themselves to the cortège of this man, who was probably travelling with an escort. There was, therefore, no intrusion in Philip's joining the company. The Ethiopian was reading from the book of Isaiah. After the Oriental custom, he was reading aloud; and thus Philip heard what he

read. Philip spoke to him, saying, "Understandest thou what thou readest?"

It would seem a little presumptuous for a poor unknown wayfarer thus to address the great man. But here we have one of those graphic, picturesque little stories, so evidently true and real that it is like hearing and seeing the actual events to read about them. The poor Ethiopian had taken the long journey to Jerusalem to perform those acts of worship which were permitted to a "proselyte of the Gate,"—strictly excluded from the inner court of the Temple, and, even in the "Court of the Gentiles," lamentably hindered by the traffic of the money-changers. He was a man of wealth, and could afford to procure the precious copy of Isaiah (doubtless selected with great care); and he could not wait until his return to study it, painfully spelling it out on the way. In short, he was one of those foreigners who, like the centurion, were longing to receive the purer religion of the Jews, and were kept back by Jewish exclusiveness. Philip *knew* all this: he *knew* how glad and grateful the Ethiopian would be to receive what he could bring him. Nor was he mistaken. The humble answer of the Ethiopian shows his state of mind. He "besought" Philip to come up and sit with him in his chariot. (The word indicates urgency.)

It was from the Septuagint that the Ethiopian was reading. The passage in verse 33 is not quite correctly translated from the Hebrew. A better rendering is, "By oppression and judgment he was taken away; and who of that generation would consider that he was cut off from the land of the living, that for the transgression of my people he was smitten?" Fenn says that the true meaning is, "Who among the contemporaries of the captive Israelites paid any attention to the fact that they were slain, and slain for the sins of their brethren?"

Philip, taking this for a text, easily made a Christian convert of the docile Ethiopian; and the next piece of water which they saw gave him the desire to be baptized at once. He could be a Christian in full fellowship if he could not be a Jew.

Verse 37 is an interpolation. It was probably added in later times by those who did not approve of the hasty baptism of the Ethiopian. Perhaps Peter or James would have hesitated. Indeed, the Ethiopian had probably received no kindness at Jerusalem, else he would not have been so eager to gain information from Philip. He now "went on his way, rejoicing"; and Philip betook himself to Cæsarea, preaching on his way at the cities through which he passed.

Farrar says, "We cannot doubt that it was the fearless initiative of Philip (preaching to the Samaritans and baptizing the Ethiopian) which helped to shape the convictions of Peter, just as it was the avowed act of Peter which involved a logical concession of all those truths that were dearest to the heart of Paul."—L. F. C.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[*Send all matter for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.*]

OFFERS.

Will any mother who would like to have "Gentle Measures in Training the Young," by Jacob Abbott, or any one who would like "Black Beauty," address Miss Langmaid, 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline, Mass.?

The following books are offered by the Cambridge Branch. Address Mrs. C. W. Kettell, 19 Brewster Street, Cambridge, Mass. Old correspondents will please address the members to whom they have formerly written. In order to receive books from the Cambridge Branch it will be necessary henceforth to send a reference with the first request.

Educational.

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The Plymouth Young Women's Alliance offer the following magazines: *Century*, 1884, 1885, 1886, 1887, 1893; *Atlantic*, 1887; *Littell's*, 1888; *Forum*, 1887; *Lend a Hand*, 1889; *Popular Science*, 1888; *Review of Reviews*, 1898; *Arena*, 1898; *Youth's Companion*, 1897; *Century* (incomplete), 1882, 1883, 1888, 1890, 1891, 1892, 1894.

Also the following books: "In His Steps," C. M. Sheldon; "We Two," Edna Lyall; "The Tour of the World in Eighty Days," Jules Verne; "The Canadian Senator," Christopher Oakes; "Mrs. Carr's Companion," M. G. Wightwick; "The Crucifixion of Philip Strong," C. M. Sheldon; "His Brother's Keeper," "Christian Stewardship"; "Hyperion," H. W. Longfellow; "A Hardy Norseman," Edna Lyall; "Saracinesca," F. Marion Crawford; "Knight Errant," Edna Lyall; "Adam Bede," George Eliot; "Miss Tommy," Miss Mulock; "In the Golden Days," Edna Lyall; "Uarda," "An Egyptian Princess," Georg Ebers; "The House of the Seven Gables," Hawthorne; "Amos Barton," George Eliot; "He went for a Soldier," John Strange Winter; "Robert Elsmere," Mrs. Humphry Ward; "Donovan," Edna Lyall. Address Sarah Brewster, assistant secretary, 1 Carver Street, Plymouth, Mass.

Miss Charlotte Schetter, 75 Highland Avenue, Orange, N.J., offers *Fliegende Blätter*, 1900, to be sent monthly to any German correspondent who would enjoy it; also, "The Light of Asia"; "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush."

The following books are offered by Mrs. G. E. Foster, 24 Canal Street, Brattleboro, Vermont: "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow," Jerome; "Prose Dramas," Ibsen; "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; "Black Beauty"; "Felix Holt"; "Adam Bede"; "A Bachelor's Blunder"; "The Frontiersman"; "The Ladies' Gallery," McCarthy; "Geraldine Hawthorne"; "Buried Diamonds"; "A Transplanted Rose"; "Joan Wentworth"; "Second Year of the Lookabout Club"; "The Birds' and Insects' Post-office."

Any one wishing to receive current numbers of *McClure's* and *Munsey's* magazines will please address Miss Gill, Pond Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

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"Garden Flowers," "Flowers for the Parlor and Garden," E. S. Rand; "Plant Life," L. H. Goindon; "Ladies' Companion to the Flower-garden," Mrs. Louden; "The Book of Roses," Parkman; Bigelow's "Plants of Boston"; "Ladies' Companion to the Flower-garden," A. J. Downing; "Handbook of Needlework"; "Seven Lamps of Architecture," "Lectures on Architecture and Painting," John Ruskin. The Second Church, Boston, Mass., Post-office Mission, offers the above books. Address Miss A. E. Howard, 108 Harvard Street, Brookline, Mass.

Mr. Elliott B. Church, 66 Equitable Building, Boston, offers current numbers of the *Outlook*.

A "Musical Course Reader" is offered by Mrs. F. A. Stearns, 36 Harris Street, Waltham, Mass.

REQUESTS.

[*Read directions at beginning of Book Club before writing.*]

Those who send offers and requests for the Book Club will do us a kindness by noting the following suggestions: 1. Please

write very clearly. 2. Do not use a pencil. 3. Do not use contractions, especially names of States (as Cal. and Col. for California, Colorado). 4. Write on one side only of the paper. 5. Do not forget to give your full address. (The State is now and then omitted.) 6. Do not send matter for the Book Club to Miss Clarke, but to Mrs. Nichols, the Book Club secretary.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

I am a young minister, of limited means, trying to educate myself. I would be glad to have a Webster's Unabridged Dictionary and a Latin and also a Greek Lexicon, also a Virgil. W. E. Woodruff, Wake Forest, North Carolina.

Dear Cheerful Letter Friends,—Is my letter welcome? Then please pile up your letters close, as I wish you a very Happy New Year, and want to call your sympathy and attention to two poor little fatherless children. There are two younger ones, aged three years and ten months; and we have not many pennies to spare to make their little home bright. The first mentioned are ten and seven years old, and love books; and I thought perhaps some little girl might have a new book at holiday time, and would send these two children an old one, or a card to help cheer and make their lives a little brighter. I showed them some that my little boy got last winter from the (Cheerful Letter) society. Their names are Hattie and Charlie Robinson, Westhampton, Suffolk County, New York. Anything sent to that address will reach them safely. I would be very grateful indeed for a beginner's lesson-book in short-hand. With best wishes and prayers for the dear society of cheerful givers, your shut-in friend, Mrs. C. E. Terry, Speonk, Suffolk County, New York.

Every Other Sunday is asked for by Mr. R. W. Rivenbark, Ashton, North Carolina.

Will you please send me a book,—the title "Young Man's Own Book?" I am indeed anxious for it. I would also be grateful for a geography for a child of eleven and reader for a child of six. Mrs. Minerva Wilson, Heareford, Stokes County, North Carolina.

These three women are very worthy, with great desire for improvement and no money to buy books. It will brighten my Christmas to have them remembered. [Signed] Mrs. Mary E. Wicker, Wicker, North Carolina: Mrs. Emma Cox, Gum Branch, North Carolina; Mrs. Martha Hollingsworth, Fayetteville, North Carolina; Mrs. Fannie Clark, Fayetteville, North Carolina.

I wish to thank all who so kindly sent me books and reading, especially Miss C. H. Ellery, of Newport, Rhode Island, and Mr. Charles Atkinson, of Boston. I am not able to write to each one and thank them. As we are very poor people, the reading sent me has been lots of pleasure and comfort to me and others. I have passed on all reading sent me, except some books and Sunday-school papers I wish to keep for my little girls. I am so anxious to give them an education. There is no Sunday-school near us: we have no advantages at all. I would be very thankful for any books or papers suitable for them. I will gladly pass on all reading sent me to those, like myself, poor and afflicted and not able to buy reading. Mrs. Leora Griggs, Verano, Patrick County, Virginia.

I would be so very grateful if you could send me some reading. It is my only pleasure; and if some of the *Cheerful Letter* friends would send me any helps to uature study,—pictures, reading, anything, magazines, the *Youth's Companion* (current numbers), I should be grateful indeed, and it will not only be a pleasure to me, for I share all of my reading with others. Miss Alice Rogers, Allwood, Amherst County, Virginia.

The address of Miss M. E. McCaul, formerly Mechanic Falls, Maine, is now Mrs. M. E. Gammon, Poland Corner, Maine.

Mrs. M. C. Andrews, formerly Ryan, Indian Territory, is now Grady, Indian Territory.

Mrs. Talithia Oliver, formerly Pine Grove, Texas, is now Fincastle, Henderson County, Texas.

Mrs. Minnie Perkins, formerly Olympia, is now South Tacoma, Wash.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

[*Contributions to this department may be sent to Mrs. J. S. Howe, Chestnut Street, Brookline, Mass.*]

THE EDUCATION OF OUR CHILDREN.

BY MRS. C. J. LONGMAN.

(*Selected from the Kindergarten Review.*)

Of all the duties that devolve upon woman, perhaps the most important is the care and education of children. We may not all be married, we may not all be mothers; but, sooner or later, it falls to the lot of most women to have children under their charge. But what right have we to undertake this duty, if we have never considered the best means of performing the task? It seems strange, indeed, that women should so often be content to go through life without giving the matter more thought, unless one considers that the duty is so natural to all women that presumably each inherits a certain amount of instinct to help her in the matter. Still, we would wish our "care for the young" to be something better and higher than mere animal instinct; and it is for this reason that a few thoughts on education may be useful to all of us, though, above all, to mothers. By education I do not mean merely instructive book-learning, but the entire training of the child,—that training of body, mind, and spirit, which we begin for children in their infancy, but which, in order to be successful, we must teach them to carry on for themselves later on.

For any undertaking to be successful, it is first of all necessary to have some definite end in view. What, then, is our aim in education? It is, as Mr. Herbert Spencer says, to fit us for "complete living." This is the best definition I know of the end of education, and it seems to include two leading ideas: (1) That every fresh piece of knowledge, or new interest, or new sympathy, adds to the width of our lives, and thus makes us live more completely. (2) That we may also be said to live completely, even in the narrowest circle, if we enter thoroughly into all the details of our life, however trivial these details may be.

In order to attain our ideal, we must learn to use all our faculties to the greatest advantage, and to have them under complete control. We must train our bodies that they may be so healthy, so strong, so responsible to our will, that they can adapt themselves to any occupation, to any outward change. We must train our minds,—not use them merely as lumber rooms to store facts in, but get power over them, that we may be able to concentrate our attention on whatever we are doing, that we may think things out clearly and remember accurately. In moral training, of course, the same holds good. And here the need for self-control is even easier to recognize,—always to be sincere, always to have our tempers under control, never to let things slip which we did not mean to say, always to be unselfish. This last virtue, perhaps, shows the greatest triumph of all in the power of self-control.

And now how are we to put these theories into practice? Where are we to begin our education? I think *obedience* is the first step. A child who can obey us will later be able to obey itself. But, to teach obedience, much self-control on our part is necessary. We must make up our minds not to be constantly giving commands to our children, and nagging at them; but, when we do give a command, we must see that it is obeyed. In so many little things our wishes are much better expressed in the form of advice. Instead of, "I won't have you say that word," "You shan't tear that book," one may say, "That is not a nice word, I would not say that," "It is a pity to tear that book: see how you are spoiling it." Again, we forbid our children to do so many things for fear they will harm themselves. In nearly all these cases the result will be the same if, instead of giving a command, we point out the danger. Instead of "You are not to climb up that chair," "Don't touch that knife," one may say, "You will fall if you climb up that chair," "You will cut yourself if you touch that knife."

This latter plan has many advantages. The child will learn to look upon you as a protector in one case, possibly as a tyrant in the other. But, much more than this, in the one case *you* are controlling the child: in the other, you are teaching him to control himself. There is one more point to consider with regard to teaching obedience. Let us avoid threats. A child must learn to obey from principle, not from fear. We may have to punish a child for disobedience,

but this is quite different from using threats to make it obey.

Unselfishness, again, is among the earliest lessons to be taught; and this, in the beginning, is, as a rule, an easy one. How often have we all seen a baby, almost in arms, offering part of its "goody" to somebody else or offering us its new toy to play with. What a pity if this early virtue is spoilt, as is so often the case, by the habit of always making the elder children give up to the youngest! It may be good for the elder one (though, as justice is often sacrificed, I doubt if it be), but it is certainly bad for the youngest. One must accustom all the children to be equally ready to give up to each other, and to consider other people's feelings. Perhaps no pleasure is greater to a child than that of having some little plan for giving some one else pleasure. How interested a child will be in any trifle it can make as a surprise for father or grandmother!

Perseverance and *thoroughness*, are, again, very essential early lessons in self-control. We must make our children feel that "what is worth doing at all is worth doing well," and that anything begun should be finished. It may be only a game or dressing a doll; but, if we let our children rove from one thing to another as soon as their fancy changes, how much more difficult it will be for them to stick to things later on, when really irksome duties have to be performed! Of course, we must not be angry or cross with them about trifles; but we must encourage them,— possibly come to their assistance when we see they are really tired out with some unfinished occupation.

(*To be concluded.*)

NATURAL HISTORY.

A LEATHER-SCENTED BEETLE.

This is a common beetle about one inch long and one-half inch wide. Its color, uniform throughout, is a lustrous, metallic brown, sometimes purplish. The wing-cases are marked with longitudinal, fine, narrow stripes, having the appearance, somewhat, of grained leather. The thorax is punctured with minute dots the size of a pin-prick. The head is rather small, has a downward inclination, and is also dotted with fine pin-pricks. The eyes are large, black, round, and protuberant. The antennæ, placed in front of the eyes, are large and end in a knob or club consisting of three leaf-like bodies, or lamellæ, which open and close like a fan. This peculiarity of the antennæ extends to all the species of the *Scarabeidæ*, to which family this beetle belongs: only that some of them possess seven lamellæ instead of three. The under part of the body is more smooth and shining than the upper side. The beetle is quite flat, so much so that it could carry a silver five-cent piece on its back without much danger of losing it.

This insect has the odor of Russia leather; and, by this means, its presence may be detected at a distance of several yards. It is a flower beetle, so called because it feeds on the delicate sweets of flowers and their pollen and on the sap of wounded trees. It is a nocturnal beetle, coming abroad at night to obtain its food from flowers. By day it hides itself in the decayed hollows of trees and crevices of the bark, refreshing itself with the gently flowing sap. Its mouth parts are particularly adapted to the kind of nourishment which it takes. They are soft on the under side and provided with a flat brush of hairs which collects the juices before they enter the mouth. This beetle is quite dull and plain-looking, as are most nocturnal insects. The day-fliers, of the same family, have brighter colors and some ornamentation. The larvæ of the *Osmoderma scabra* are large, white, fleshy grubs, with red, hard heads, and, like the beetle, are vegetable feeders. They inhabit the decayed holes of living trees, preferably apple and cherry trees, where, through the summer and autumn, they feed upon the crumbs of moist, dead wood, collected therein. Before cold weather comes, they build themselves an oval cell out of the bits of decayed wood among the particles of which they have burrowed. The small grains are cemented together by a moisture which the grubs themselves provide. This house is as large as a robin's egg, and, when finished, is entirely closed at every point. The walls are about twice as thick as an egg-shell, are very firm, and not easily crushed. The exterior is rough, while the interior is smooth and glazed. This habitation is impervi-

ous to water and an admirable protection against cold and frost. All winter and spring the larva is undergoing its transformations. In July, when ready to emerge, the beetle breaks one end of its oval cocoon and enters the world.—*Cora H. Clarke.*

MARY CARPENTER.

It was, above all, in the Red Lodge Reformatory that Mary Carpenter's work was at its highest. The spiritual interest she took in the poor little girls was, beyond doubt, admirable. When one of them whom she had hoped was really reformed fell back into thievish or other evil ways, her grief was a real *vicarious repentance* for the little sinner, a Christ-like sentiment infinitely sacred. Nor was she at all blind to the children's defects, or easily deceived by the usual sham reformations of such institutions. In one of her letters to me she wrote these wise words (July 9, 1859):—

"I have pointed out in one of my reports why I have more trouble than others (*e.g.*, especially Catholics). A system of steady repression and order would make them sooner good scholars; but then I should not have the least confidence in the real change of their characters. Even with my free system in the Lodge, remember how little we knew of Hill's and Hawkins' real characters, until they were in the house [her own private house]. I do not object to nature being kept under curbs of rule and order for a time, until some principles are sufficiently rooted to be appealed to. But then it must have play, or we cannot possibly tell what amount of reformation has taken place. The Catholics have an enormous artificial help in their religion and priests; but I place no confidence in the slavish obedience they produce and the hypocrisy which I have generally found inseparable from Catholic influence. I would far rather have M. A. M'Intyre coolly say, 'I know it was wrong' (a barring and bolting out), and Anne Crooks, in the cell for outrageous conduct, acknowledge the same,—'I know it was wrong, but I am *not* sorry,'—than any hypocritical and heartless acknowledgments."

When our poor children at last left the Reformatory, Mary Carpenter always watched their subsequent career with deep interest, gloried in receiving intelligence that they were behaving honestly and steadily or deplored their backslidings in the contrary event. In short, her interest was truly *in the children themselves*, in their very souls; and not (as such philanthropy too often becomes) an interest in her *institution*. Those who know most of such work will best understand how wide is the distinction.

But Mary Carpenter was not only the guardian and teacher of the poor young waifs and strays of Bristol when she had caught them in her charity-traps. She was also their unwearied advocate with one government after another, and with every public man and magistrate whom she could reasonably or unreasonably attack on their behalf. Never was there such a case of the widow and the unjust judge, till, at last, most English statesmen came to recognize her wisdom, and to yield readily to her pressure; and she was a "power in the State."

At last, my residence under Mary Carpenter's roof came to a close. My health had broken down two or three times in succession under a *régime* for which neither habit nor constitution had fitted me, and my kind friend Dr. Symonds' peremptory orders necessitated arrangements of meals which Miss Carpenter thought would occasion too much irregularity in her little household, which (it must be remembered) was also a branch of the reformatory work. I also sadly perceived that I could be of no real comfort or service as an inmate of her house, though I could still help her, and perhaps more effectually, by attending her schools while living alone in the neighborhood. Her overwrought and nervous temperament could ill bear the strain of perpetual companionship, or even the idea that any one in her house might expect companionship from her; and if, while I was yet a stranger, she had found some fresh interest in my society, it doubtless ceased when I had been a twelvemonth under her roof, and knew everything which she could tell me about her works and plans. As I often told her (more in earnest than she supposed), I knew she would have been more interested in me, had I been either more of a sinner or more of a saint!

And so, a few weeks later, the separation was made in all friendliness; and I went to live at Belgrave House, Durdham Down, where I took lodgings, still working pretty

regularly at the Red Lodge and Ragged Schools, but gradually engaging more in workhouse visiting and looking after friendless girls, so that my intercourse with Miss Carpenter became less and less frequent, though always cordial and pleasant.

Before I returned to London, on one occasion I called on Miss Carpenter, bringing with me a young niece. I found her at Red Lodge; and she insisted on my going with her over all our old haunts, and noting what changes and improvements she had made. I was tenderly touched by her great kindness to my young companion and to myself, and by the added softness and gentleness which years had brought to her. She expressed herself as very happy in every way; and, in truth, she seemed to me like one who had reached the Land of Beulah, and for whom there would be henceforth only peace within and around.

A few weeks later I was told that her servant had gone into her bedroom one morning and found her weeping for her brother, Philip Carpenter, of whose death she had just heard. The next morning the woman entered again at the same hour; but Mary Carpenter was 'ying quite still, in the posture in which she had lain in sleep. Her "six days' work" was done. She had "gone home," and I doubt not "ta'en her wages." Here is the last letter she wrote to me:—

RED LODGE HOUSE, BRISTOL.
March 27, 1877.

Dear Miss Cobbe,—There are some things of which the most clear and unanswerable reasoning could not convince me! One of these is, that a wise, all-powerful, and loving Father can create an immortal spirit for eternal misery. . . .

I was very glad to get a glimpse of you. I do not trouble you with my doings, knowing that you have enough of your own. You may like to see an abstract of my experience. Yours affectionately,

M. C.

In a visit which I made to Red Lodge two years ago I was struck by the improved physical aspect of the poor girls in the charge of our successors. The depressed, almost flattened form of head which the experienced eye of Sir Walter Crofton had caught (as I did) as a terrible "note" of hereditary crime was no longer visible; nor was the miserable, blear-eyed, scrofulous appearance of the faces of many of my old pupils to be seen any more. Thirty years have, I hope and believe, raised even the very lowest stratum of the population of England.

Miss Carpenter's work in founding the first reformatory for girl criminals, with the munificent aid of that generous woman, Lady Byron, has, beyond question, contributed in no mean degree to thinning the ranks of female crime during the last quarter of a century. Issuing from the Red Lodge at the end of their four or five years' term of confinement and instruction, the girls rarely returned, like poor Kitty, to their parents, but passed first through a probation as Miss Carpenter's own servants in her private house, under good Marianne and her successors, and then into that humbler sort of domestic service which is best for girls of their class. I mean that wherein the mistress works and takes her meals with the servant. The pride and joy of these girls when they settled into steady usefulness was often a pleasure to witness. Miss Carpenter used to say, "When I hear one of them talk of '*my* kitchen,' I know it is all right!" Of course, many of them eventually married respectably. On the whole, I do not think that more than five, or at the outside ten, per cent. fell into either crime or vice after leaving Red Lodge; and, if we suppose that there have been something like five hundred girls in the Reformatory since Lady Byron bought the Red Lodge and dedicated it to that benevolent use, we may fairly estimate that Mary Carpenter deflected toward goodness the lives of at least four hundred and fifty women, who, if she had not stirred in their interest, would almost inevitably have spent their days in crime or vice, and ended them either in jail or in the "black ward" of the workhouse.

It must be borne in mind, also, that it was not only in her own special Reformatory that her work was carried on. By advocating in her books (and by active public pleading) the modification of the laws touching juvenile crime, she practically originated—in concert with Recorder Hill—the immense improvement which has taken place in the whole treatment of young criminals, who, before her time, were simply sent to jail, and there too often stamped with the hall-mark of crime for life.

We do not, in our day, talk much about "saving souls" in the old Evangelical sense; and I, at least, hold very strongly that every human soul is "*doomed to be saved*," destined by irrevocable Divine love and mercy to be sooner or later, in this world or far-off worlds to come, brought like the Prodigal to the Father's feet. But there is a very real sense in which a true philanthropist "saves" his fellow-men from moral evil,—the sense in which Plutarch uses the word, and which every theology must accept; and in this sense I unhesitatingly affirm that Mary Carpenter *saved* four hundred human souls. [*Frances Power Cobbe from Autobiography of F. P. C.*].

AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[*Please send all material for this department to Miss E. D. Chapman, 34 Buckingham Street, Cambridge, Mass.*]

Beheadinys.

1. Behead a term in music and leave a musical instrument.

2. Behead to enlarge and leave healthy, behead again and leave a measure.

3. Behead a dress trimming and leave a sudden charge, behead again and leave assistance.

4. Behead twice, a pleasure and leave the beginning.

5. Behead the beginnings of a tree and leave a grain.

Charades.

1.

In the country we get my *first*,
From the fragrant, new-mown hay.
My *next* is a pronoun small,
But important in its way.
The solemnity of my *third*
Subdues all those who hear.
To the faithfulness of my *whole*
Is intrusted much that is dear.

E. P. P.

2.

My *first* from out a distant land was brought
To one for whom the traveller long had sought.
My *second* saw that one in vision rare,
When her dear land was near to dark despair.
My *whole* did seek to snare unwary men
Though vanished now beyond all human ken.

E. L. O.

Conundrums.

1. Why are darned stockings like dead men?

2. How is it known that bicycles were in use in Shakespeare's time?

3. Which is the most valuable, a dollar bill or a silver dollar?

4. Why is it certain that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was not written by the hand of its reputed author?

5. Why is a whisper like a forged bank-note?

Arithmetical Puzzle.

Add fifty to ten, and we shall find what we should all like to do.

Answers to Puzzles in January Number.

Charades.

1. Effort.
2. Dialogue.

Conundrums.

1. Because she had Ad-am.

2. The fox and the rooster, because they had only a brush and a comb between them.

3. When Pharaoh received a cheque on the bank of the Red Sea, crossed by Moses.

4. When Pharaoh's daughter drew a little prophet (profit) out of the bulrushes on the Nile.

5. We haven't a notion (an ocean).

6. Because it won't answer.

The Whole Year Through.

1. A New Year. 2. Valentine. 3. March wind. 4. Showers. 5. Flowers. 6. Roses. 7. The Fourth. 8. Heat. 9. Gales. 10. Harvest. 11. Feasting. 12. Holly.

The address of Mrs. John Howse is changed from Pisgah, Alabama, to Glenzaida, Alabama.

Mrs. J. J. Hardin, Pattonsburg, Missouri, asks that friends will remember her father, Mr. J. A. Wade, Pattonsburg, Missouri, on his birthday, February 27, with letters or cards. He will then be seventy-five years old.

Learn that the thing to fear is not death, but life.

We may be wounded, crippled, bear the mark of bruise and scar, of wound, feel it our lives long, though we may not show it. But we are the conquerors, and the vanquished thing has made us over.

COMMUNION ADDRESS.

The chief feature of the rite of communion is that it identifies the disciples with their Master in his moment of utter humiliation and surrender, and so bears witness to the great truth that the very essence and crown of our religion is self-sacrifice. We cannot embrace his cross, and yet refuse our own. We cannot raise the cup of his remembrance to our lips without a secret pledge to him, to one another, to the great company of the faithful in every age, that we, too, hold ourselves at God's disposal; that we will ask nothing on our own account; that we will pass simply into the divine hand, to take us whither it will. Be this the vow of our hearts, and "so let us take of this bread and drink of this cup."

Few, perhaps, even among favored men, are free from some haunting sorrow; and to every faithful mind, however placed, there is an inward heroism, a secret self-renunciation, not possible only, but indispensable, which may well make the form of Jesus toiling on to Calvary the dearest and holiest image to the thoughts. Angels only can serve the perfect Will without a painful self-denial.

There are times, indeed, of kindled purpose and high affection to us all, when the spirit is willing and faculty is strong, when the mighty stream of resolution sweeps rapidly away, and plays with difficulties as with the momentary bubles that eddy on its wave, when a purer atmosphere seems to clean and swell the soul, and every speck of evil passion melts and disappears; and then, indeed, to the meek and holy there is no cross to bear. But duty is constant, affection transient: obligation often rises while the spirit sinks; and, after the divine freshness of the morning air, a sluggish mist damps down, and turns life, which had looked brilliant as Eden, into a flat, weary marsh. And then it comes to pass that we know the path wherein we should go, but love it no more. Ease bids us stay at home, inclination shows us a pleasanter way; or, if we set out on the thorny track, we begin to pity our own bleeding feet and reward with admiration our half-spent strength. When the soul has lost its earliest tension, evil with close collapse presses in upon it again, worthless temptations resume a dreadful force. Yet one loss of the quick and willing spirit does not alter or abate the solemn charge committed to our hands. The elastic love is gone, the binding duty stays. The only difference is that the ceaseless pressure of circumambient necessity, unfelt by the full soul, becomes a painful strain upon an exhausted nature. This is the cross daily we are called to bear, notwithstanding the languid mind and heavy heart, to maintain an ever-persistent service, to go with patience on and on, assured that, if we will, we can take just the next step well. This inward denial, this resolute self-mastery, is the peculiar service which as human, and not always inclined to the best, yet as Christians, bound never to do the worst, we are expected to render. Our work must be achieved, if not from momentary love of it, yet from persistent love of the God who gives it. Ay, and the burden must be borne, not with elaborate effort and audible sighs and pains that self-complacency takes care to reckon, but with a cheerful spirit that can put the poor obtrusive self aside, with an unsparing mind that never counts the cost at which a duty must be done, with entire relinquishment of rights, desiring only leave of service, with sedate and tranquil frame like that of Christ through his last day, which beneath a divine composure concealed a universe of thought.

We have fallen, alas! on restless days of too much speech; and few there are that can do a noble thing and say nothing. But God loves the silent sacrifice, and no offering is stricken for him unless it bleeds on the hidden altar of the heart. For his children struggling faithfully with the burden of life, his heavenly pity is ever on the watch; nor does he leave them long in the languor of a weary mind, but comes himself with the blessed inspiration that renews their strength as the eagle's. There is nothing true in earth or heaven, if it be not a law of his that holy deed shall end in holy thought and holy love and patient obedience. Down upon the dust mature the rapid wings by which to soar, and gladly worship at heaven's gate.

There is no support like that which we feel when others in our sight have borne their burden well.

Who would turn and flee when brothers near fight the good fight, and are resolved

to finish their course? And, as we sit beneath the cross, we turn our eye upon the Prince of souls: we see the extremity of trial, the sublimest of victories. Let us be of good cheer: the faithful have a living Leader in the heavens.—*James Martineau.*

GOETHE ON SCHILLER.

The following poem so fitly describes the great leader who has just left us, Dr. Martineau, that it seems worth while to insert it here.—[EDITOR.]

. . . . . .

For he was ours! And may that word of pride
Drown with its lofty tone pain's bitter cry!
With us, the fierce storm over, he could ride
At anchor in safe harbor, fixedly.
Yet onward did his mighty spirit stride
To Beauty, Goodness, Truth, eternally;
And far behind, in mists dissolving fast,
That which confines us all — the Common — passed.

For he was ours. How, happily surrounded,
Each favoring hour revealed his lofty mind;
How sometimes grace and cheerfulness abounded,
In mutual talk with earnestness combined;
And sometimes daring thought, with power unbounded,
Life's deepest sense and highest plan divined,—
All in rich fruits of act and counsel shown,—
This have we oft enjoyed, experienced, known.

Burned in his cheek with ever-deepening fire
The spirit's youth that never passes by,—
The courage that, though worlds in hate conspire,
Conquers at last their dull hostility,—
The lofty faith which, ever mounting higher,
Now presses on, now waiteth patiently,
By which the good tends ever toward his goal,
By which day lights at last the generous soul.

Have we not known how he with giant tread
Measured the mighty round of thought and deed?
With cheerful glance in that dark volume read,
Of times and lands each nation's law and creed?
And many a work, profound and nobly planned,
The art and artist more illustrious made;
While thus the flower of life's best efforts giving,
Yea, life itself, to this, the shade of living!

. . . . . .

Yet from on high, transfigured now and sainted,
His essence bends, by death untouched, unharmed,
And what before in him men blamed or hated
Death has ennobled, Time has consecrated.

. . . . . .

Thus he remains with us, remains though gone,—
Though face and form have vanished from our side;
For all by him first thought, by him made known,
The world receives with joy, and we with pride,
And long ago that which was most his own
Has passed through countless hearts, in circles wide.
So, like a comet, vanishing away,
Infinite light he blends with his own ray.

— *Translated by James Freeman Clarke.*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged — not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort — by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

4. An important part of our mission is to mothers of young families, who feel the importance of their sacred charge and are anxious to learn all that can be known to make of their children good, upright, useful men and women,— good citizens of the country, for which we must all work together if we would make it fulfil its mission among the nations of the world and to the races of mankind. We give books on subjects connected with the training of children, and our columns are open (in our "Mothers' Council") to all who have questions to ask or interesting suggestions to make on topics important to mothers.

WILL ANY MINISTER WHO RECEIVES THIS PAPER KINDLY NOTICE THAT IT IS NOT SENT TO HIM WITH THE OBJECT OF OBTAINING SUBSCRIPTIONS, BUT THAT, IF HE KNOWS OF LONELY PEOPLE LIVING IN REMOTE PLACES ON RANCHES AND PRAIRIES, — ESPECIALLY WHERE THERE ARE FAMILIES WITH CHILDREN,— IT WILL ASSIST THEM AND BE A FAVOR TO US TO SEND THEIR NAMES TO OUR SECRETARY, THAT THEY MAY RECEIVE OUR PAPER FREE AND ENJOY THE ADVANTAGES OF THE OFFERS OF BOOKS, ETC., WHICH ARE PRINTED IN EVERY NUMBER?

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

There will be a meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange on Friday, March 2, at 10.30 A.M., at 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

All interested in this work are cordially invited to be present.

Please notice the change in the address of our Book Club secretary, from 2 Webster Street, Allston, to 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.

In sending requests or offers of books, it is essential to address these communications to the *Book Club* (secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols). If addressed to the editor, these letters are in some cases postponed, in others altogether omitted. See directions in every number of *The Cheerful Letter*.

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of our paper by addressing letters, asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who infringes this rule will be dropped from our list; and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by our Executive Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to our secretary, Miss Langmaid.

DIRECTIONS.

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SECRETARY OF BOOK CLUB OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.

TREASURER OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE, —Miss Louise Howe, 53 Linden Street, Brookline, or 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

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Those not able to subscribe for the paper, but desiring to receive it, may do so by writing to Miss Louise Howe, as above. Please give full name and address. Also send name of minister as reference. Some of our members take the paper in order to send it to those who are not able to subscribe for it.